

Johnny and Eddie

by Where Did My Life Go

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Summary: Riddler has a new cellmate and it's the Scarecrow. Johnathan Crane has a bit of a history and he tell's Eddie a story. I'll probably write more eventually.

Johnny and Eddie

Edward was as awkward as Johnathan was imposing. Naturally Edward Nygma, The Riddler to his friends, "That obnoxious Riddle fuck who never shuts up" to all his fellow inmates at Arkham, was a bit apprehensive when he found that he was being moved to a new cell...again. His apprehension was not subdued when he found that his new bunkmate was to be none other than The Scarecrow. Johnathan Crane, a former doctor and present psychopath.

Edward didn't mind psychopaths but he held a distinct dislike for doctors, especially those of the head shrinking variety. His hatred for doctors was a general hate not limited to medical doctors, it expanded to all of those lucky bastards whose parents had loved them and believed in them enough to save up money to send them to school and encourage them along the way. Edward was just as smart as any PhD and he didn't need a paper to tell him that, he was just as good as those rich fucks, he was a genius, he was the Riddler! Or rather that's what he would tell people, whether or not he believed at that himself was left up to his mood that day.

His dislike for those who perused psychology came from years of shrink after shrink telling him that he was broken, that his compulsions were something awful. Sure his need to leave clues is what landed him here in Arkham but he tried very hard not to hate that about himself. He was who he was. Of course he would get caught because of it on occasion, he evened the playing field, all the other villains in this place were just incompetent.

So later that day Edward was escorted to his new room, his new roommate was sitting at a desk facing away from him. He stumbled in as the guards pushed him and stood uncomfortably in the middle of the

room not saying anything for what seemed like too much time to salvage any hope of making a good impression.

"So..." Edward began and Johnathan abruptly stopped writing but did not turn to face him. "So what happened to Jarvis? He was your cell mate before, right? I've seen him around, comes off mad as a hatter...heh, get it?"

"Jarvis is no longer here. They probably put you in my care in hopes I'll give you the same treatment. I've always had a knack for talking people into suicide."

Edward gulped. He was sweating now. Johnathan stood up from his chair and in two long and fast strides he was standing right in front of him with a malicious smile on his face. Ed's mouth hung agape, eyes wide.

"That was a joke Edward. Did I scare you?" Johnathan smirked looking all together too amused.

"Oh. It was a joke. You scare people. That's your thing. Of course." Ed rationalized as he waited for his heart rate to slow.

"Jarvis is out for the time being, I did my best to help him during our time together, I'm quite proud really. He was and continues to be a friend. Most likely they paired you with me in hopes I would take you under my wing as well. They may have revoked my license but I'm still very skilled, I just don't typically use my skills for good. The doctors here keep throwing the broken ones in with me because god forbid any of them lift a finger to do their jobs. This whole institution is a disgrace to the community." Johnathan abruptly held a hand out for Ed to shake.

Johnathan Crane stood a foot, maybe more, taller than Edward. He looked like he was trying to beat Christian Bale for the lead role in The Machinist he had only just lost it by a pound or two. He was pale white in a way that suggested his lack of a tan predated his incarceration. His thick brown hair hung just to his shoulders and sparkled copper in harsh florescent light. His glasses were the retro horn rimmed sort that had just recently come back into fashion, his gray eyes looked sternly down at Ed waiting for him to return the gesture.

So Ed stuck out his sweaty palm and put it in his. Ed was a bit stalky. Eternally insecure about his height, weight, glasses, freckles and bright red hair. In truth he was perfectly average but he never felt like it. He only ever felt like the hottest thing in the room or he hated himself, no in between.

As he shook he mentally vowed not to get close to this strange man. He would not become one of the good doctors little projects. But whilst making this vow, the very clever Edward Nygma had forgotten one important detail. They were in prison and prison is very, very boring.

He plan started to unravel the first night. It seems they kept the same hours, neither sleeping very much. Johnathan hung over his desk, while Ed paced back and fourth mumbling. Well he was holding a conversation, Johnathan vaguely wondered if he had meant him to be listening because the words didn't so much seem to be directed at

him. Edward spoke out loud the rough drafts of his riddles and rhymes. He worked them all out aloud in advanced. How curious of him, thought Johnathan, I always thought he made them up on the spot. He really does try his best too seem smart, doesn't he? What a poor man, so insecure, so fearful of rejection. So afraid.

Just like that Johnathan was interested.

In a week they had grown comfortable with small talk, good mornings, goodnights and such.

In a month he had Eddie gabbing like a school girl. Or rather that was just Ed's way.

"I Lost My Virginity To A Hooker!" Eddie confessed, laying flat on his bunk while Johnathan sat near by in the desk chair.

"Well, a couple hookers. I don't remember very well, I was drunk. That time. I'm so pathetic. I've never had sex I didn't pay for."

"What about the two girls who follow you around, your side kicks?"

"Query and Echo? Both hookers. My best girls. I love them but at the end of the day I'm their boss. They stopped sleeping with me when I started employing them as henchwomen but I'd never fire them over that, they both always deserved better anyway. It's been a year since I got laid."

"Ahh, I see." John exhaled in his best psychologist voice. It was that tone that snapped Ed out of it.

"How come I'm always doing all the talking? Quid pro quo Doctor Lector. Tell me about your love life."

"Why would I share such information?"

"Because I shared with you."

"I didn't ask you to, Edward. You just started talking."

"That shouldn't matter. Now you know that I'm going to die alone I want to know about you."

Johnathan tipped his head.

"Is there something so bad about being alone?" He asked Edward.

Edward shifted to look at John. A questioning puppy dog sort of look. Then a smile erupted on his face.

"Oh My God. Scarecrow is a virgin! Johnny why didn't you just say so?!"

Johnathan did not look amused. He didn't really look anything.

"Not entirely. It really all just depends oh whether you define sex by the narrow standards of intercourse or if you expand to include

other completely valid equally intense sexual experiences."

"That was psyc major for "Yes Ed, I am a virgin." right? Because that's what I heard."

"Edward I have done things that would make your hair curl."

"So still a virgin?"

"I Have Killed People Edward!"

"Fucking someone up and fucking someone is different John!"

"You don't understand."

"So explain it to me, I'm listening." Edward smirked infinitely pleased to have gotten a rise and now a story out of Crane.

"Alright." Johnathan sighed. "The first of such trysts happened while I was in school. When I was 26 and doing my graduate work at Gotham university I taught a few of the undergrad classes. One of the undergrads had reputation of sleeping around to improve her grades. She said she wanted to meet with me after class. I was of course a touch skeptical of her intentions but only a fool would take a rumor at face value so I agreed to meet with her in my dorm room. I was the RA so it wasn't uncommon to have a quite random assortment of students traipsing in and out at all hours, making complaints mostly. She poked her head in the door and smiled.

"I'm so glad you agreed to meet with me Mr. Crane, I have a tough sort of problem that I just don't know who to talk to about."

"Are you saying you're not here to discuss the subject matter of my class?"

"No, I'm here to discuss the subject matter of your dissertation."

Now I was really skeptical. I hadn't yet published my dissertation yet. I had in fact only discussed the topic with one of the professors at the time and he had not taken to the idea of intense fear as a treatment, the conversation got rather heated, he strongly disagreed with what I was suggesting and insisted I pick another topic or risk expulsion for unethical conduct.

"If you want to talk about my dissertation tell me what it's meant to be about?" I tried.

"You were talking about creating some kind of a fear serum to use for treatment of phobias."

"And when exactly did you hear me talking about this?" I raised an eye brow at her.

"When I was hiding under Professor Mason's desk."

"Why were you- Oh."

"Yeah...." She trailed off. I blushed a bit.

"So" I ventured "What did you think of the idea?"

"I think it sounds just brilliant! Some people just don't know how to get over things, people need to face their fears in order to grow, whether they want to or not."

"An interesting take." I smiled, I was starting to like this woman.

"But what I wanted to know is if something like that could be used recreationally?"

I laughed a bit.

"Recreational use of my fear serum? I hadn't thought of it. Why do you ask?"

"Promise not to think I'm weird?"

"I promise."

"Can only orgasm when I'm scared. I mean really scared."

"Oh My." The room felt hotter all of a sudden. I had no experience with female sexual arousal aside from what I had read in books. Being a student is a full time job, I had never gotten around to the social aspects of school.

"So I wanted to know if you had any?"

"Any what?"

"Fear serum."

"No, not yet I'm afraid. It's all theoretical just now, I haven't started developing it just yet, even if I did it would be impossible to test it. I would never be able to find test subjects and even though the psychological community--"

"You could use me."

"What?"

"Yes! As soon as it's done, you can use me as a test subject."

"Are you sure it's going to be--"

"Yes, I'm sure! I heard you, you know what you're doing, and you're brilliant. I just don't know what I'll do in the meantime. It just gets so frustrating."

I was about to do something I thought I would regret.

I stood up slowly and crossed the room to shut the door.

"Do I have your consent to assist you with your problem?" I asked.

"Yes, I just said you could test the serum on me."

"No, do I have your consent to relieve your frustration, right now?"

"Mr. Crane?"

"Promise not to think I'm weird?" I asked her as I reached between my mattress and the box spring to pull out a burlap mask.

"Promise." She smiled so sweetly.

"It's Scarecrow for the rest of the night." I pulled on the home made mask and I lunged at her. I dimmed the lights as she stumbled away from me. She squirmed and put up a fight but she was such a small young thing, I was on top of her in moments. She was fidgeting beneath me and it only made me harder. I reached for the knife on my desk usually used for sharpening pencils and she tried again to put up a fight. I gave her a warning slap on the face then caressed her cheek with the back of my hand. She calmed, but not much. I ripped her shirt open and then cut off her bra, being as indelicate as I wanted, the knife gouged the flesh on her chest reasonably hard, enough to leave a scratch but not hard enough to draw blood. Once I had freed her breasts, as odd as it sounds, I was nervous about touching them. Here I was attacking her, wrestling her to the ground at knife point and yet copulating seemed like it would be out of line.

So I took the knife and traced it around her areola as her pink nippes grew hard with arousal on the cold floor. She squirmed again and I gave one nipple a nice hard poke with the knife.

"Scarecrow!" She gasped. Her face flushed.

"Look at me!" I commanded, and she did.

"Good. Now before I give in to the urge to cut one of these pretty little things off to keep as a trophy, you're going to flip over for me. Understand?" She nodded and I pulled some of my weight off of her. Again she tried to run.

Then, I never thought I would be able to do this with a woman, at least not without going to prison. I thought knowing she wanted it too would ruin it for me, but she put up a convincing fight she even split my lip open as I dragged her back down to the floor and forced her onto her stomach.

The taste of blood in my mouth, I pulled the rope tied around the bottom of my mask free and I bound her hands. I reached over to the desk for some of the rubber bands I put my hair up in, it was much longer back then. I put my weight back on her, her face being pressed into the carpet I tied her hair up in ponytails.

"I don't understand." She said, almost breaking character.

"You're not here to understand, you're here to fear." I told her and gave one of the sections of hair a sharp tug. I couldn't tell if the sound she made was one of pleasure and I didn't particularly care. I was having too much fun. I brought her bound hands up over her head and hooked them to the closet door. Her jeans were still on so I unbuttoned them and stripped them off of her. No easy task

considering the tightness of the pants, they pulled her panties right off with them. I ran the knife over her thighs and thought about leaving a few scars but I'm nothing if not a patient man. I took her nipple between my teeth as I ran the knife between her legs and right between the cheeks of her ass. I bit too hard and I could see tears dripping down her face. She never asked me to stop but I considered that it was our first round and I have never had a playmate before, if I wanted this woman to return, I would have to offer her some release. So I scooped her up in my arms and carried her to the bed.

I sat her between my legs and let her recline on my chest while I held the knife to her.

"Go ahead and finish, this is what you wanted." I cut her free from her bonds but held her tight, wrapping my legs around her to keep her in place as I did so.

While she worked her fingers wildly between her thighs I held the knife just above her right breast. When it became apparent that she was close she sot her hand up over the top of mine and pushed it into her flesh, she was bleeding at last. I dropped the knife and watched it drip from her while she collapsed back onto me.

During this whole ordeal I had achieved and maintained an erection I had hardly noticed, but she did.

Once she had come down off the high of her orgasm she turned around and started to undo my pants. I took my mask off.

"What are you doing?" I choked out.

"Well you did such a good job and all, it's not fair I'm the only one who got any pleasure out of it."

"It was incredibly pleasurable for me too, I assure you."

"Are you nervous? Are you actually going to tell me after that display that you've never been with anyone?"

I looked away from her.

"Time to face your fears Mr. Crane!" She undid my pants and took me in her mouth. I wasn't entirely unpleasant. It was a whole new sensation. I just laid back and watched her. Then she stopped.

"You know I like things rough, clearly you do too, why not have some fun with this. Here." She positioned my hands on her ponytails. "Now choke me." and so I did. This was considerably more fun but still not as good as before. This would make a lot of men feel more powerful I suppose but I just didn't understand what all the fuss was about. I finished in her mouth and she gagged it down, it was unextraordinary.

"I don't think I enjoy that quite as well." I told her when we had both settled back down.

"Well, I enjoyed it very much and I appreciate you letting me. I think you may be the strangest man I've ever been with...In a good way."

She kissed me before she left, licking the blood from my split lip. Now That was a satisfying feeling.

For the next few years we would see each other like this from time to time, with her occasionally taking the roll as the aggressor to measure my fear responses, though we never actually had sexual intercourse. We worked together closely in the lab daily though. When it came to test out the serum she was my first subject, and thrilled to be, but the first batch was a little rough still. It didn't help her condition, it made it more severe. She wanted more and more. I had grown incredibly fond of my lab partner over the years and I was not willing to put her life in actual danger for the sake of carnal pleasure, so she found someone who would. I hear from her still, from time to time. She sends me letters so I know she's still alive. That sick fuck she hooked up with has made more attempts on her life than I can count. Sometimes I blame myself, but I think I know she would have made the same decisions regardless. So I blame him. She's living with a woman just now, but I know she'll leave the second he comes calling.

"So was that enough of my personal history for you tonight, Edward?"

He glanced over at his cell mate, who was now trying and failing to conceal his erection.

"I'm sorry, I didn't expect it to be that hot."

"It's quite alright Ed."

The Night Johnathan broke him out of Arkham was perhaps the best of Ed's life.

Once they were out and running, not terribly quickly buy the way as neither of them was in top shape, Ed just knew the night was going to be great. He didn't expect it to get much better.

Eventually Johnathan led him to some sort of a warehouse. It was dark by then. Johnathan straightened himself up and knocked. A woman in her 30's sporting hair as red and Ed's answered the door.

"Johnathan. At last. She's been bouncing off the walls all day waiting for you. Come in."

"Thank you Pamela, this is Edward. Edward, this is Pamela."

The proceeded into the shocking well-furnished room inside. Plants climbed the walls, it was comfortably warm as compared to the cold Gotham night.

As they walked inside her noticed the woman's skin shift from pale white to a light green. Ed almost had a chance to say something but was quickly distracted when an incredibly attractive blond jumped on to Johnathan, knocking him onto the couch, leaving Johnathan between her muscular thighs. Not to mention leaving Ed hardening by the second.

"Crane! Oh boy it's great to see ya!" She peppered him with kisses, he smiled resting his large hand on her upper arms.

"Edward, this is Harleen, the one I told you about."

She jumped right off of him and hopped over to greet Ed.

"Hey there, you must be Eddie! Everyone calls me Harley!"

Eddie attempted to turn on the charm for this young woman so clearly into danger. As a super villain he suspected that he'd be right up her ally.

"It's nice to meet you Harlâ€|.. Oh. Oh. Oh. John! John! John. This is Harley Quinn. Oh no. Then that's, She's poison Ivy. Oh no." His boner was replaced with terror.

That is until her realized everyone was laughing at him.

"Welcome to the big leagues Edward." Johnathan said.

Edward and Johnathan were shown to their room soon after, it had been a long day after all. Ed showered first and he was drying while Crane was trying to unwind while washing his hair. That was becoming impossible with Ed's yammering and refusing to leave the bathroom.

"You had sex with Harley Quinn! THE Harley Quinn!"

"Just the other week you were insisting that I hadn't in fact had sex." John sighed.

End
file.